

› Bring It To Ya

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah

Special shout going out to all them motherf\*\*king pigs out there

Boys in blue, ghetto Gestapo

"To serve, protect and break a n\*\*\*a's neck" is how the saying goes

I'm here to speak on that

Special One, step up and let they a\*\* know

[Verse 1: Special One, Conscious Daughters]

Friday night, me and Afro Key and The Coup

I'm celebrating cause we coming up and sh\*t is moving

It's the Conscious, The Daughters, Daughters Conscious represent

East O, dipping slow, hit a right on 35th

On my way to, kick it with brother cause it's time

For me to get my feel so I'mma go for mine

But the 5-O, wanna follow me and try to break

Cause Special One is making more than piggies on the take

Should I, pull over, and hope the sh\*t is cool?

Or should I mash cause I ain't no motherf\*\*king fool?

See, Oakland California is a city where the pigs don't play

I see that sh\*t everyday so I'ma bring it to ya

[Interlude]

Yeah, you better listen to exactly what's going on

(I'ma bring it to ya)

Pigs out in this motherf\*\*ker do whatever they want, whenever they want

(So I'ma bring it to ya)

Robbing, killing, raping, you name it, they done it

(I'ma bring it to ya)

And still do that

So next time you feel like you safe in the community, think again

[Verse 2: CMG, Conscious Daughters]

Mista Policeman, or whatever you call you

You can't sweat the C 'cause I'm not that easy

Violation one, two, three, CMG in the O

Getting jacked by the po-po

Show me any cop in the community who's fair

And I'll show you some more that rather see a sister dead

So tell me, what's the reason for the jack? I talk back

Oh, now you take my money and ask me where I got it at?

CMG is just a Cash Making Girl  
An artist, an artiste, so what? F\*\*k the police  
And any other cause I'm down to squab (Why is that?)  
B\*t\*hes wanna do me cause I'm rolling with the mob  
Motherf\*\*ker

[Interlude]

Yeah

So now I got my Molotov c\*cktail, fire grenades  
(I'ma bring it to ya)  
Muffler bombs, people's grenades, pipe bombs and sh\*t  
(I'ma bring it to ya)  
I'm blowing locks, I got my motherf\*\*king sling shot  
(I'ma bring it to ya)  
And of course you know I got the Glock 21 semi-automatic

[Verse 3: Paris]

Up from the depths of, quiet is kept a  
Soldier was awakened where a n\*\*\*a once slept  
In the face of adversity, no mercy on my soul  
I've seen 'em do the dirt, now blood is running cold  
Five deep in a Cutty and I'm gripping on a nine  
Cause I'm through crying foul, they running out of time  
Got Doc K, Cloud D, Wood and Yonny Yan  
Riding pump in the trunk for them piggies when they come  
See, n\*\*\*as steady dying never making front page  
In America is scary, Whitey never caught a case  
For killing Blacks, so we holding court up in the street  
Please have some mo' "Coffee, Death & Donuts" on your beat  
Now some will say, "Cop killa music might incite"  
But killer cops whoop on n\*\*\*as each and every night  
So tell me who's to blame for the hate that hate produced  
I'm better off dead than with you  
F\*\*k America

[Outro]

Yeah, f\*\*k America

Them motherf\*\*kers don't give a f\*\*k about you  
(I'ma bring it to ya)  
They'd rather see you dead and the sooner you understand then the better off you gon' be  
(So I'ma bring it to ya)  
America is a racist country  
It was built on racism

That's a fact  
(I'ma bring it to ya)  
So when you see the police in yo' community, who you think they protecting?  
(So I'ma bring it to ya)  
Who they serving? Not us  
Who don't own sh\*t so what's really going on?  
Make you wanna take them punk motherf\*\*kers and beat the dog sh\*t outta 'em  
Gives a f\*\*k  
Nat Turner 1994  
And I'm out